

Evening Telegraph

MONDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1864.

BELLINI THE COMPOSER.

REMOVAL OF HIS REMAINS.—His PERSONAL APPEARANCE WHEN ALIVE.

To the New York *Musical Courier* we are indebted for the following compilation, which will interest all lovers of music or patriotic music:

"Some twenty years ago I went to Paris to see the historic St. Helens, & to visit the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon I. This year Paris will give to an animal—St. Silvia—the remains of the composer Vincenzo Bellini. The people of Catania, the birthplace of the composer of Norma and Sonnambula, sent a remittance to the French Government to remove Bellini's remains from the Cemetery of Perpignan to the Pantheon.

What was Pharaoh's objection to Moses? He found him more plague than profit. When did profanity begin? When the first peacock was cursed by the first organ. What did Adam plant first? His feet. Why is a hen immortal? Because her son never sets. What is worse than raining pitchforks? Halluminous.

Why does a tall man like an expressman? Because he keeps a wagon. Why is an owl like the American people? Because it keeps a blithin'. [Explanatory: this has reference to our President.]

Death from SWALLOWING A CENT.—Yesterday Conner Gt. entered his shop at No. 56 Market street, over the body of a child named William F. Flynn, who it appears had swallowed a cent several days since, which it was all gone.

The STRUMMOLIN'S NAME CHANGED.—By order of the Navy Department, the name of the torpedo vessel before known as the "Strumolin," has been changed to "Spotted Towel," or in good square English, "In spite of the Devil." Of course this is a wicked name, but as she is intended for wicked work it must be all right.

"Accept, etc."

On the reception of this letter, the people of Catania appointed a committee of eminent Sicilians to go to Paris to obtain "the precious gift" of the remains of the dead composer; and a subscription has been opened in Italy to defray all expenses. All the musical people of Europe are expected to contribute. Pacini, the veteran composer, is a member of the committee.

While the movement is on, it will interest our readers to know what Bellini looked like in personal appearance. He is thus described by Horne, the late German writer. The translation is that by S. A. Steane, for *Dame's Journal of Music*:"He was tall and slim; his face was neither pale nor florid; his hair was of a light, almost golden hue, and hung in ringlets. His forehead was very high; his nose straight; his eyes light blue; his mouth well proportioned; his chin round. His features seemed very weak and void of character. His milk, in fact, his face was a milk-face, and was frequently marked by a lack-headed expression of pain, which made up for the want of character. But there was pain without distress, and a weary passing life, it seemed in his eyes and quivered on his lips. The young master seemed bent on making a show of his sadness. Fantastic melancholy betrayed itself in the arrangement of his hair, languor in the cut of his clothes, and ideality in his light gaze. Thus he always seemed something unenjoyable about him, caused perhaps by the style in which he spoke French. Though Bellini at that time had been living in France for some years, I don't whether he had ever learned to speak French perfectly, or whether he used it. He spoke it terribly—he butchered it unmercifully. The way in which he often tortured the poor French words, as though an executioner were breaking them on the wheel, and the way in which he uttered his monstrous *cogs à l'anc*, were enough to make one look around with fright to see whether the world was coming to an end with a mighty crash. Deathly silence reigned over such occasions; mortal terror reigned in such scenes; and when roused or powdered, the women seemed undecided whether they had better rush out of the room, or faint where they were; the man looked down towards their pantaloons to make sure that they really had such garments on; and, worst of all, the circumstance would fill every one with an almost uncontrollable desire to laugh outright. Bellini's presence always filled one with fear, which, through some strange fascination, seemed to give him attraction and to repel. Sometimes his invincible puns were both provoking and reminded one, by their droll absurdity, of the castle of his countryman, Prince Pâlagon, which Goethe, in his *Romanische Reise*, called a museum of bizarre distortions and ill-matched monsters. As Bellini always imagined that he had been making some serious and harmless observation, his face, on such occasions, was in strange contrast with the remarks, and then the unpleasant remarks were even more mortifying.

That which I disliked in Bellini cannot be called a fault, and did not seem to displease the ladies in the least. His face and figure had an air of physical freshness, blooming health, and rosiness that was calculated to make an unfavorable impression upon one with my morbid tastes. It was not until later, when I had known Bellini for a long time, and had found him of a kind and nobility of soul, that I began to like him. I now believe that his soul remained pure to the last, and that the childlike kindness of temperament which men of genius usually possess, but never parade, was truly his."

A Bit of Philology.

The Religious Monthly Magazine takes exception to the phrase, "under the circumstances." The editor thinks it may be well if one can take the position under what is only standing around (*circumstante* him) and adds:—"Yet many of our most finished—we cannot, in this instance, say classic—writers and speakers, as, for example, ... Even in his late Funeral Hall speech, he frequently gives such circumlocutions as 'under the circumstances'—which we cannot see how they do it, or, when done, we cannot see anything about them. When a man takes his stand *in* the circumstances we think he is master of his position, and can defend himself classically and etymologically."

MERRID'L life too often begins with rosewood and mahogany and ends with pine.

Not half so beautiful is the most penetrating eye as that which lets everything penetrate it. The following has been, and may be again repeated.

JOHN BILLINGS ON THE DRAFT.—Josh Billings is out with an "official" on the draft question. Says he:—

Widder wimmin, and thore only son, is exempt, provided the widder's husband has already served 2 years in the war, and he is willing to go in agin; 'bleve the Supreme Court has decided this thing forever.'

Once more.—If a man should run away with his draft, he probably wouldn't be allowed to start the draft; but this little, at least, the moar yu luk at it, the moar you can see the wisdom into it.

Once more.—Xenops are those who have been drafted into the Sutl prisoners trying to get an honest living by supporting 2 wives in one; also all of them peopl wha are crazy, and unsound on the goose; also, all newspaper correspondents and fools in general.

Once more again.—No substitute will be accepted who is less than three or more than ten feet high; he must not know how to read, write, and cipher; and, moreover, he mustn't be afraid of the itch or the Rebs. Moral character ain't required, as the Government furnishes that and rations.

Conclusively.—A person cannot be drafted more than twice in two places without his consent; but all men have a right to be drafted at least once. I don't think even a writ of habeas corpus can deprive a man of this last blessed privilege.

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